

# MARKET LETTER OF WM. H. CHILD & CO. BROKERS

There has been something doing every minute on the local mining stock exchange during the past week. Cardiff supplied the one real sensation by jumping from \$2.05 to \$3.50 per share almost over night. It closes the week around \$3.35, and this will likely be the radiating point until the next upward jump takes place, and no one doubts but that the stock will go much higher after the company gets production under way in full blast a few weeks from now.

Emma Copper also made a scattering in the ranks of the bear element during the week, and, with more than 25,000 shares changing hands in a single session of the exchange, the price was advanced from 32c to 37c a share. Following this exhibition of strength the stock steadied down and sales yesterday were made at and around 35c. We expect to see Emma Copper double in price within a short time.

All of the other Alta-Big Cottonwood stocks behaved well during the week and trading in many of them was heavy, with more orders coming from local buyers than has been the case since the present stock movement began. Alta Consolidated, following its adjustment to the profit-taking side of the market, is squaring away again and the next bulge is apt to carry that stock well over the dollar mark. With mine development working out as anticipated, Alta Con. should go to \$2 a share or better before the end of the year.

We believe that a movement in Wasatch Mines and Sells Mining are also about due, and with it should come greater activity in a number of other issues now receiving but scant consideration. As soon as the roads are open and it is possible to inaugurate shipments of ore down the canyon, the Alta-Big Cottonwood country will be viewed from a new standpoint. In addition to receiving the prestige that must follow ore production, it will be possible for people interested in the stocks which represent properties there to make trips to the district and its mines themselves. It is believed many eastern investors who will be traveling across-country to the great fairs on the coast will avail themselves of this chance to see the camp for themselves and it goes without saying that they will be made welcome.

It is a noticeable fact that more attention is now being directed to the general stock list than for some time and it is now apparent that the market will become very broad and strong before the year is over. Iron Blossom is slowly recovering from the slump it experienced following the burning of the Knight-Christensen mill, and, while the stock may not get back to the point it slid from at the start, it should hold up well and pay good interest on the market value of the shares.

Prince Consolidated is showing up better all the time and it will very likely command much higher prices in the near future. It ought to, at least. Moscow is also going to make itself heard before long, while Silver King Consolidated, with the latest suit-against-Spiro-scare digested and discounted, is again moving up. As a matter of fact, there seems to be nothing ahead but good times in stocks.

April 30.

## THE GIRL OF SIXTEEN

(Continued from Page 3.)

every night a beautiful girl, as the Sultan's bride is guarded at the feast of Belram. Oh ho! we did not bargain for that! I am no anchorite. Besides, it was easy for St. Anthony, for he knew that the beautiful girl who visited him was Satan himself. He ought to have been in my place, where a mother herself brings her daughter and

says she is an angel. But my pledged word! A soldier's honor! This woman sees in me some legendary hero, a Lohengrin who comes in his boat drawn by swans to protect innocence. Dare I destroy her faith? Dare I break my promise? No! I will be iron! I will think of nothing but sorrowful things. I'll take the army regulations and read them through. I'll play solitaire. But early tomorrow morning I'll try to be sent on guard duty at night. I'm very fond of it when the rain drenches me to the skin. Stay! There's another idea! What if the whole thing is simply a plot? What if I am to be killed like Holofernes? That's it! If I don't want to wake up tomorrow morning without any head, I must be on the watch!

But all my philosophical reflections were overthrown by the sound of light footsteps approaching my door toward midnight. Some one knocked timidly.

"Come in!"

The door opened cautiously, and, smiling pleasantly, the mistress of the house entered with her daughter in her arms. A pretty little creature in swaddling clothes.

"Here she is, colonel! Isn't she as beautiful as an angel?"

"Why— What— You told me she was sixteen!"

"Yes, in her sixteenth month. But she has been weaned, and she won't disturb you. I put a little poppy juice into her milk, so that she will sleep quietly, colonel."

"But—great guns! What harm did you think my Hussars would do the little thing?"

"I—I—" stammered the woman; "I was afraid—they might—eat—my darling—"

I felt as if a torrent of cold water had drenched me. So these people believe we ate little children! I hope I shall never experience another such adventure.—San Francisco News-Letter.

## PRELUDE

(Continued from Page 7.)

enveloping veil, concealing—disclosing, sun-carressed, tinted with his rapture."

"My intrusion howled for explanation."

"Signorina, I ventured—Signorina."

"She did not move."

"Signorina."

"She sat there motionless as ever—as ever waiting. . . . 'Asleep?' . . . Awe claimed me. . . . I whispered her. . . . Dead she could not be, that shimmering veil so quick. A dream—?"

"How shall I tell you what time I stood there dreaming—desirous? How define her spell? . . . At last! at last! La Signorina lifted her hand, put back a strand of gold, looked me fair in the eyes for one dazzling second, smiled—vanished."

"In that swift glance her soul met mine expectant. I may not say that I have seen her face—her smile an added veil. And yet, once glimpsed—forgotten never. . . ."

"The gazebo was bare of carved seat and crystal pool, bare of La Signorina her glowing presence. . . . The old boy stood beside me."

"His eyes gleamed with youth unextinguishable, for love lights shone there. He threw out his shrunken arms towards his beloved city, golden and red in a red and golden sunset, her silken waters gemmed, her palaces mysteries, her towers and domes a dead-end—"

"La Signorina! he cried in ecstasy—'La Signorina!'"

Our train slowed down, stopped. My traveling companion reached up to the rack for his luggage, looked down at me with merry eyes. The door of our compartment was flung open. I guard called: "Venezia!"

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